Alla stueatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Ti. VVhat woulds thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, no thing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, & as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir your Passado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. VVhat art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough,
VVhere is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, founds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or

Or I shall faint, a plague a bot
They haue made wormes me
I haue it, and soundly to your

Ro. This Gentleman the P
My very friend hath gott hi
In my behalfe, my reputation
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tibalt*
Hath beene my Cozin, O sw
Thy beauty hath made me ef
And in my temper softned va

Enter Be

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brau
That gallant spirit hath aspi
VVhich too vntimely here

Ro. This daies blacke fat
This but begins, the wo oth

Ben. Here comes the furio

Ro. He gon in triumph a
Away to heauen respectiue
And fier and fury, be my con
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine
That late thou gaueſt me, fo
Is but a little way aboue our
Staying for thine to keepe h
Either thou or I, or both, mu

Ti. Thou wretched boy
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine

They fight. Tiba

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gon
The Citizens are vp, and *Ti*
Stand not amazed, the Princ
If thou art taken, hence beg

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3